

VARIGNY'S "FOURTEEN YEARS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS."

"It was not only from the religious point of view that the King wished to draw nearer to England. The same tendencies showed themselves in his politics. The American party lost little by little the ground it had gained under the influence of the negotiations with France, and after Mr. Gregg joined the Ministry. This latter gentleman destroyed his influence by his personal habits, and played but an unimportant part in affairs; his adherents abandoned him, and Mr. Wyllie, a strong partizan of the English alliance, and strongly supported by the Queen, had reconquered all his old influence. By his instructions, Sir John Bowring, a former member of the English diplomatic corps, attached to the service of the Hawaiian Government, submitted to the cabinets of London and the Tuilleries a draft of a treaty, to which it was hoped that the adhesion of the government of the United States would eventually be given, and which had for its object a conjoint guarantee of the independence of the Hawaiian Kingdom, and the upholding of the dynasty. This latter point was abandoned at a later stage of the negotiations, and had in fact no grounds in relation to a country in which the dynastic question had not been raised; and in which there existed no competition for the throne.

"The object which Mr. Wyllie proposed to himself was good in theory, but difficult of attainment. So far as France was concerned, although she had every interest in its success, it came in contact with two obstacles, either of which was sufficient to prevent its success. The first was the ill-will of M. Perrin; the second was the new political idea espoused by the French government, which then proclaimed by the mouth of M. de la Vaillette, its Minister of Foreign Affairs, the principle of great agglomerations with the absorption of small independent states. People in France do not even yet recognize all the ill that has been done to us by this declaration of principles which could not but alienate from us the sympathies of the weak.

"Sir John Bowring's overtures were therefore received with coldness by the Imperial Government. In England they met with a better reception; but, on account of the indifference of France, they hesitated to enter upon a negotiation, which necessitated the simultaneous concurrence of three powers, of which one was indisposed to listen, and the other, the United States, was evidently hostile. Faithful to its political and diplomatic precedents, the cabinet of Washington refused to tie its own hands by a tripartite treaty which would restrain its liberty of action, and would deprive it of the benefit of eventualities which it had always intended to take advantage of. The negotiations therefore never went beyond some insignificant parleying, and were abandoned just at the moment when the war broke out between the Northern and Southern States."

M. Varigny proceeds to relate the death of his Chief M. Perrin and his own retention as Acting-Consul during the following eighteen months the course he pursued. M. Perrin had been jealous of both English and American influence, and had favored the one when the other seemed to be in the ascendant and vice versa, thinking to balance them against one another. M. Varigny, on the other hand, "considered that the sole risk that Hawaiian independence could run would come from the United States," and that he ought to ally himself with the representatives of England "in order to ward off this danger;" adding, "this is what I did, with sufficient success to draw down on myself the violent animosity of the Annexation party." He then gives a picture of the commercial and industrial condition of the Islands in 1863, which offers some interesting points of contrast and some of resemblance with that of the present day.

"The whale fishery was fast decaying; the whales, long hunted in the Okhotsk and Behring Seas, retreated more and more to the north where the whalers could not follow them. The Hawaiian archipelago, which up to that time had subsisted on this industry, received a serious blow to

its commercial prosperity. People discussed with anxiety what they should do, and for the first time they turned their attention to the hitherto neglected soil. A few timid attempts at cultivation had been made here and there, but these undertakings, made very much at hazard, without sufficient capital, had almost all ended in failure, and only presented discouraging examples.

"Cattle breeding alone had been a success, but it was not sufficient to raise stock, it was necessary to find an opening for its sale. Our nearest market, California, was seven hundred leagues away; the pasture there was as fine as ours and infinitely vaster in extent; meat stood at a very moderate price there, and salt-provisions were but now consumed. Then the rearing of cattle required ample tracts of land at a cheap rent; but the space at our disposal was very limited, and everywhere except on the high plateaus the heat of the climate was an obstacle. Some enterprising agriculturists had tried sugar cane and coffee, but they had failed. The production of sugar necessitated complete and expensive appliances, and in a country where money was worth 12 per cent. per annum and where great capitalists were very rare, how were the funds necessary for the construction of mills and factories to be procured; how, above all, was cheap labor, without which the manufacture of sugar could not succeed, to be assured?

"In fact it was not merely the money that was wanting, laborers also were unobtainable. The natives either shipped on board the whalers or did nothing. If debarred from the violent excitement of whaling, and the chance of a good "lay" which it offered them, they contented themselves with cultivating their patches of taro, which in exchange of a few days of hard work, furnished the food of a whole family and a surplus with which to purchase dried fish from the fishermen. As for clothing the women provided that, some by going into service with the foreigners, others by less creditable means. As for asking the natives to move out of the beaten tracks, to abandon their old traditions, and make an energetic start with new methods of agriculture, it was not to be dreamed of, and the whites who had attempted it were nearly all ruined.

"It was nevertheless very evident that this was what would have to be done, sooner or later, and the cultivation of sugar cane appeared, after full consideration, to be that which promised the best chances of success."

Varigny proceeds to speak of his own enquiries into this matter and then relates a journey which he made to Mr. Wyllie's plantation at Hanalei and to several other places on Kauai, from which island he returned in time to meet the new French Commissioner, who arrived on board a man-of-war on the 26th of October, 1864. Kamehameha IV was suffering from one of his attacks of asthma at the time and had determined to go to Hawaii for change of air. He put off his journey until after Independence Day, 28th November, which he desired should be celebrated by the usual receptions and public rejoicings. Before the day came he was too ill to leave his bed and Queen Emma had to hold the reception alone. The next day he was still worse, and on the morning of the 30th he expired.

Entering on the reign of Kamehameha V, Varigny enters more fully into the history of the times—an eventful history, in the making of which he himself had a share.

(To be continued.)

Criminal Expenses.

During the past biennial period there has been paid by the Government under the head of "Criminal Expenses":

REWARD TO INFORMERS.	
Oahu.....	\$ 190
Maui.....	790
Hawaii.....	1,205—\$2,185 00

EXTRA LEGAL SERVICES.	
Attorney General's office.....	\$5715 00
Hawaii.....	215 00
Maui.....	50—\$5,980 00

EXPENSES FOR WITNESSES IN CRIMINAL CASES AND EXTRA POLICE SERVICE, ETC.	
Oahu.....	\$1,261 93
Hawaii.....	1,040 83
Maui.....	307 50
Kauai.....	151 00—\$2,770 31

MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSES.	
Traveling expenses Marshal.....	\$ 201 00
Traveling expenses Attorney-General.....	494 00
Incidental expenses.....	1,028 97
Acting Police Justice.....	159 00
Telephones.....	156 00—\$2,930 97

\$12,966 18

LITTLE ELSIE.

[Dinah Mulock Craik in Harper's Monthly.]
Ah, don't come a-wooing with your long, long face,
And your longer purse behind;
I'm a bright young girl, and I know my place,
And I think I know my mind.
I like to laugh, and to dance and sing,
And to tease my parents dear.
My brothers call me a "tiresome thing;"
But they wouldn't miss me here.

O 'tis I am my mother's heart's delight,
And my father's right hand brave;
Would I leave my home so free and bright
To be a rich man's slave?
Would I buy myself a gown of silk
In a grand dull house to pine,
When I've boys to play with and cows to milk
And the whole fair world is mine?

Ah, don't come talking of the cares of life;
My head is gold, not gray;
And it's my desire to be no man's wife—
At least, not just to-day.
But I've a heart, and it's warm and true,
And I'll keep it safe, at ease;
And if one I love should come to woo,
I'll give it—when I please!

MILLIONS OF ORANGES.

Steamships which Do Little Else than Bring Foreign Fruits.
[New York Sun.]

It is said that twenty-four steamships are kept busy by one firm in bringing fruit from the Mediterranean ports to New York. Twelve of them are passenger vessels, the greater parts of whose cargoes are composed of fruit. The other twelve are freight vessels, whose westward cargoes are composed wholly of fruit. The cargoes are discharged at a Brooklyn pier, near the Wall Street ferry. The firm has just finished an extensive sales-room, which is said to constitute the most extensive fruit market in this country. Sales take place at noon on the day after a cargo has arrived. A crowd of importers, brokers, grocers, venders, and western buyers is always on hand. Each importer to whom fruit has been consigned opens two boxes as samples, and the contents of these are overhauled by prospective buyers.

When the auctioneer mounts his stand in the sales-room, men who look like tramps jostle their fashionably-clad fellow-bidders, and when they raise their hands the auctioneer is quick to catch their bids, for he knows their checks are as good as wheat.

Many of the purchased goods are hurried off to Chicago, St. Louis, and other western shipping points in refrigerator cars. In the steamships the boxes of fruit are piled so that air can circulate freely all about them, and strong currents of air are kept up through the holds by means of wind sails.

A box of oranges landed in Brooklyn has cost, everything included, two dollars. It brings from one dollar to five dollars, according to its condition and the state of the market. The ocean freight cost is thirty cents. The season here for oranges lasts from early December until early June. Then the dried fruit trade begins. This lasts until December. It is said that 1,000,000 boxes of raisins are often received in one month.

A Dude on a Spruce.

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

Speaking of dudes reminds me of an incident that occurred last night at the Casino last Thursday night. During the performance of Falka, and in the middle of an act, when one of the actresses was singing a solo on the stage, a little dude, whose face is familiar to everybody at Delmonico's, the Hoffman house, and the Brunswick, staggered bunglingly in. He was evidently under the influence of liquor. One of his legs is deformed, and he has a painful limp; this, coupled with his condition, made locomotion a matter of considerable uncertainty with him. He is a shallow-looking man, with weak eyes and a receding chin. His hair is parted in the middle and elaborately banged and banded. He wears several rings on his left hand, a small chain bracelet on his right wrist, and seven or eight suits a week.

He wore evening dress, with a white waistcoat, buttoned with five gold buttons, and had a huge cat eye, surrounded by a diamond, in his shirt front. His neck tie was disarranged, and his collar bent over in front, where his head hung heavily on his breast. He took the most prominent box in the theatre, sat there and stared stolidly at the stage. Every one looked at him. He fell asleep eventually, and was not awakened until the performance was over, when an usher assisted him to the elevator. Once there he insisted upon going up on the roof, though the ushers tried to get him to his carriage. He became ugly and silly by turns.

At length he was seated on the roof where the people, as they wandered about, gazed at him curiously. He ordered a bottle of champagne for himself, and when it came, emptied it slowly into one of the flower pots which stood near by and ordered another bottle. Then he drew a handful of money out of his trouser's pocket, piled it upon the table, and selecting a new \$20 bill, drew a cigarette from his pocket and told the waiter to bring a match to him. The waiter struck a match and the little dude touched the \$20 bill to it. He lighted the cigarette with it, watched it consume, and tossed a \$10 bill to the waiter. The crowd half-hissed him, and the headwaiter made the waiter return the \$10 bill which the dude had given him. When he did so, the over-dressed midget took the \$10 carelessly in his hand and tore it slowly into shreds as he smoked his cigarette. Then the manager came up and without more ado had him hustled into the elevator, thence to his cab, and taken home.

Water-Melon Headquarters.

[North American.]

Melon-growers, too, are forming one of those "pools" into which our industry is eddying. Atlanta is to be the headquarters of 249 distributing centers to a population of over 5,000,000 people through the northwest.

COACHING IN NEW YORK.

How Some Metropolitan Mortals Amuse Themselves.
[New York Cor. Chicago Herald.]

Coaching is comparatively new to New York, though the recent parade was our fifth annual exhibition of the kind. Of course four-in-hand coaches are to be seen every day in the summer in the parks, and on race days one is pretty certain to encounter five or six on the dusty roads to Jerome park or Sheepshead bay, but once each year, at the opening of summer, the owners who belong to what is known as the Coaching club unite in a parade which is practically a public exhibition of their teams, their turnouts, their fair acquaintances and themselves. This year there were sixteen of these drags in the line, each with the four best horses of its stable of many animals, in the finest, cleanest, brightest harness, each driven by its owner, and each filled inside and covered on top by beautiful women in the newest and showiest of costumes. The top of each coach was a veritable flower bed, so numerous and large were the bouquets; the top of the coaches looked, indeed, like floating gardens, and the ladies seated among them appeared the stateliest roses which blossomed in gay hats and ribbons above the dead level of their sister plants.

The ladies wear on such occasions absolutely new costumes, for those reasons good and sufficient and dear to the female heart, viz., to spite their own sex, please ours, and to have them described in next day's papers. The class of men and women who habitually appear in these parades are the same as the class I have noted as figuring at the horse show—a little parvenuish, somewhat horsey, and very much afflicted with the mania for anything English. They mount the ladders to the tops of the coaches and descend them with great crowds of lookers-on pushing forward against the wheels of the coaches with just the slightest tinge of blushes, though they know that their handsome boots are being fully revealed to the profane gaze of the common sort of people. They seem to enjoy the trip in spite of its publicity, however, and also the dinner which follows it. This is usually given at the Hotel Brunswick, though it is hereafter to take place in the magnificent dining-hall of the Hoffman house—a banquet hall, by the way, unequalled for magnificence in any palace of Europe.

The furniture for this room, I may remark in passing, is to be put on exhibition at Cincinnati this fall, and will certainly astonish by its beauty and elaborate carving. The table of the Coaching club is always set in the form of a horseshoe, and the pieces in confectionery, ices, etc., which grace the table represent coaches, horses, harness, jockeys, etc., and are very elaborate. One English rule is violated at dinner. The ladies remain for the "walnuts and the wine," and, from all accounts, do not let the latter go to waste.

Pride and Pie-Crust.

[Detroit Free Press.]

It was baking day at the Sawyers. If there was anything Mrs. Sawyer prided herself upon, it was the tender, flaky quality of her paste. Jones knew this.

Mrs. Sawyer was just rolling that tender pie-paste into great sheets of transparent dough, when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Sawyer answered it, rolling-pin in hand. It was Willie Jones who had knocked.

"Please, Mrs. Sawyer," said the innocent child, "I would like a piece of your pie-crust."

"Certainly, Willie," said Mrs. Sawyer, much flattered, "but it isn't baked yet."

"He doesn't want it baked,"

"But he can't eat raw pie-crust."

"He isn't going to eat it."

"Then what is he going to do with it?"

"He said he wanted to mend the harness, and make hinges for the barn door with it, and—"

The rolling-pin hung fire, and the boy escaped, but the barrier between the houses of Jones and Sawyer can never be broken. It is tougher than the pie-crust.

Worse Than Dynamite.

[Exchange.]

"These dynamite explosions over in England," said the sleeping-car conductor, "remind me of an old woman and her jug of yeast. She got on at a small station out beyond Stubeville, carrying a gallon jug in her hand, which she told me contained a fine quality of home-made yeast. It was well corked and tied, and the old lady carried it to her berth with her, taking as much care of it as if it had been a baby. An hour or so later, when everybody was asleep, there was the most tremendous explosion ever heard in the sleeping-car, and all the neighbors of the woman had a shower bath of the frothy stuff from the shattered jug. It was dark, and they thought they were covered with their own blood. Such screaming you never heard, and the old woman herself was the most frightened of the lot. The shaking of the car had made the yeast livelier than dynamite, and an extra heavy lurch set it off. The bed-clothes of four sections had to be changed."

Well to Bear in Mind.

[Lime-Kill Club.]

"Gem'en, dar am sartin things dat it am well to b'ar in mind," said the old man as he slowly uncoiled himself and stood up.

"De man who boasts dat he can't be convinced by argument hain't wuth de trouble o' knockin' down."

"De man who flatters hisself upon allus speakin' his mind am de werry pusson who kicks hardest when criticised."

"A shillin' in money am mo' to be desired dan a dollar's worf of credit."

"It am much easier to spile a boy of 10 dan it am to reform a man of 40."

"A man worf a million dollars may be friendless. Yew kin buy praise an' flattery, but true friendship seldom soars higher dan de po' man's cabin."

"De man who sees nuffin' good in de world aroun' him can't have much good in hisself."

"Let us now annihilate de reglar programmy."

LITTLE HOMILIES.

From the Old Unfashionable Book of Homilies.

"The pilots shall come down from their ships."—Ezekiel, xxvii: 29.

And once more we are saddened by the failure of two ocean steamships to pass each other in the waters of the broad Atlantic. It is a perilous experiment, this passing of two steamships on the same ocean. Sometimes, it is true, with old, trusty, experienced pilots, who are intimate with the ocean, the feat can be successfully accomplished, but how often, alas, is it a failure. And now the Roman is at the bottom of the loud sounding sea, and the Nevada is in port, undergoing repairs. One of these noble ships was on her way from Liverpool to Boston, the other was sailing from New York to Liverpool. Both vessels being in the same ocean, there was not room for them to pass, and in a heroic but unavailing effort to jump clear over the Roman, the Nevada sunk her. It is too bad, but what can we expect of a ship that has not been taught to climb? And perhaps this method of passing never will be successful. The sex of a ship is a bar to her learning to climb. Like the woman for whom she is called, she carries too much rigging to be able to swarm up the jib-stays and down the spanker halliards without disarranging something. The great trouble seems to be that the ocean is too narrow. It will have to be widened a thousand miles or so. It will cost a great deal of money to set the continents back so far, but it will have to be done. True, steamboats pass each other in the Hudson almost hourly; so they do on the Mississippi and the treacherous Missouri, and even on the Monongahela and the Muskingum rivers. But an ocean steamship requires a whole ocean all to itself when it wants to get around anything. Perhaps in order to avoid collisions and save human life, in case the expense of widening the oceans be found too great, it would be well to compel all ocean vessels to go in the same direction; the steamer from New York for Liverpool sailing by way of Cape Horn and the Suez canal, and returning across the Atlantic. Something has to be done, and as these are hard times let us do the most economical thing. Oceans should have been laid like trunk line railroads anyhow, in double tracks. With a boundless respect for seafaring men, we must say it has always been a mystery to landsmen why they required so much room. Noah, it is true, navigated the deep without a collision, but that was because his ark was the only thing afloat. There was nothing for him to collide with. And even then, with the whole boundless waste of waters for him to sail on, he ran aground.

"The Fishers shall also mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish."—Isaiah, xlix: 8.

It is the time of the fish liar. He is even now in our midst. "A poor man is better than a liar," saith the wise man; which goes to indicate that even in the days of Solomon a poor man was about as useless a piece of furniture as could be found in the State, and when the liar was pegged one row below the child of poverty he was clear down; yes, he was thirty-nine degrees below the State house. The psalmist said in his haste that, "All men are liars." And although after saying it he had many years for mature consideration and deliberation, he doesn't appear to have moved a reconsideration. He doesn't say anything about it; he doesn't explain it; he doesn't add anything to it; he doesn't even move to strike out the enacting clause; he just lets the record stand.

But there be hope of a man, if he steal, that one short term in the penitentiary and a wholesome fear of another one, will cure him. If he be a drunkard, John B. Gough and John P. St. John may reform him. If he be a slugger he may meet Sullivan some day and experience a change. But if he goeth a fishing he will come home and lie about it. There have been men who have told the truth in a horse trade, because they knew so little about horses they didn't know how to lie to advantage. But any man can and every man does lie about fish. In two ways he does this. He belittles the fish his neighbor catches, and enlarges the one that he took himself.

I remember once myself fishing in the eddying waters of the Mississippi about four miles above Burlington, striking a cat-fish. I was using a lance wood rod and set reel, and the fish ran out about twenty-five yards of line, then turning suddenly made straight for me as I stood in the water. I struck at it with the rod, which broke off in my hand. The infuriated fish chased me ashore, ran me through a lumber yard, pursued me across a wide stubble field and some distance into the woods, when, being unarmed, I climbed a large cottonwood tree. The relentless fish followed me up the tree, where it was shot by some hunters just as it was "cooning" out along a big limit to get at me. It fell to the ground dead, shot through the heart. It was nine inches long and weighed a pound and a half with its clothes on. Which by interpretation is dressed.

The worst feature or rather effect of the stories of the fish liar, and his habitual tendency to exaggerate, is that people are slow to believe a simple statement of fact even when made by a truthful man, who does not fish as a profession, and has therefore no inducement to make even a slight departure from truth for poetic and artistic effect.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

ARDMORE, Pa., May 26.

Western Flowman: Keeping a record of the eggs laid by each particular hen in a flock is the lay-test freak.